Raiſe all my kindred, are they married thinke you?
Rod. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. O heauen, how got ſhe out? O treaſon of the blood;
Fathers from hence, truſt not your Daughters mindes,
By what you ſee them act, is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing.
Rod. I haue ſir.
Bra. Call vp my brother: O that you had had her,
Some one way, ſome another; doe yon know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and goe along with me.
Bra. Pray leade me on, at euery houſe Ile call,
I may command at moſt: get weapons ho,
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of night:
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deſerue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Ia. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue ſlaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very ſtuft of Conſcience,
To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me ſeruice: nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue ierk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.
Oth. Tis better as it is.
Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy, and prouoking tearmes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray ſir,
Are you faſt married? For be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloued,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,
As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what reſtraint, and greeuance,
That law with all his might to inforce it on,

Weele